THE COMMONWEAL

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THE ROOTS OF LIFE

IT IS probable that in the pressure of the most harassing problems of the age, now being forced upon our attention by every device of modern publicity, the press and the radio foremost, many items of deep significance may be overlooked. This is all the more likely to happen, since the focus of public attention has been directed upon many subjects not of primary bearing upon the problems of humanity, although they may be considered as such. And so the general public, and indeed the majority of those who attempt the baffling task of instructing or enlightening the public, have not yet awakened to the truth that the world is now passing through a period of fundamental readjustments. Truly important as it is, therefore, for the normal processes of trade and industry to be at least temporarily reëstablished while these fundamental readjustments are being made—for otherwise the actual starvation of millions of people will become a reality instead of a menace—it is even more important that we should recognize the permanent and not the transient nature of the changes through which we are passing before they become fixed.

It is from this point of view that the statement presented to Pope Pius XI on July 2 by Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, and by a number of other members of the American hierarchy, demands serious attention and wide publicity. For it dealt with the very roots of the matter now confronting the world, namely, the readjustment of the conditions of agriculture in a way that will be in harmony with human rights and human dignity, as well as with the human need for mere nourishment which now weighs so heavily upon the world, even at a time when granaries are bursting with unpurchasable food and the products of the mill and the mine throughout the whole industrial world are heaped up in almost immeasurable quantities.

We have called attention in previous numbers —and indeed we do so in another place in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL—to the highly practical results that might follow the application of the spiritual and moral principles laid down by our bishops in their recent statement on the crisis, as well as in other documents issued by them since the war. As we have said on other occasions, the

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leaders of the Catholic Church in the United States, following the lead made by the Pope, are not laying down mere abstract principles, in the obnoxious sense of the word "abstract." They are on the contrary expressing basic realities, which must be heeded if humanity is to escape from its present dilemma of a superabundance of material goods co-existent with an abnormal failure of the means of equitably distributing these goods among the masses of the people.

We have on so many occasions stressed our belief that of all the material problems of the Catholic Church in the United States (material problems which, however, can never be wholly separated from spiritual and moral concerns), none exceeded in importance the very grave agricultural question. Between 80 and 90 percent of the entire Catholic population of this country are city dwellers. They are thus exposed more than almost any other element of the nation to all the hazards inseparable from a wholly industrialized existence. Moreover, urban families, as vital statistics prove, do not long maintain themselves. The average urban family dies out in three to four generations. With immigration walls preventing the influx of Catholics from other lands, humanly speaking it is simply a matter of elementary arithmetic to deduce from these facts the steady decline in numbers of the American Catholic population, if the conditions now prevailing are not changed.

It is therefore a vital necessity for American Catholics to return to the land and to plant their roots deeply in the soil of the country, even as it is a vital necessity for a proper proportion of the whole nation to do likewise. With these facts in mind, it would be well to give the principal proposals made in the bishops' statement to the Pope, even in the condensed form rendered necessary by considerations of space, in the hope that these points will be more fully elucidated in future discussions, and that energetic action to spread the propaganda of rural Catholicity will be undertaken by our leaders and by those who are qualified to understand the urgency of the problem.

The principal proposals discussed in the bishops' statement are as follows:

"(1) The farmer must have better prices to live but reform is needed in the conditions of living and this reform is principally needed, not in the exchange, distribution and consumption of goods, but in the whole viewpoint of production and wealth.

"(2) It is desirable that changes be effected to enable the American farmer to feel that all his interests are not bound up in the market.

"(3) Small holdings and individual ownership are commended.

"(4) Industrialization of American agriculture and the system of corporate farming are condemned.

"(5) Opposition is expressed to merchandizing and de-humanizing farm life and to the application to farm life of efficiency programs of industrial systems.

"(6) Concern is felt for the withdrawal from habitation and cultivation of large tracts of land for various public projects entailing dispossession of large groups of the population which for a long time had been attached to the soil.

"(7) Cultivation of a spirit of neighborliness and better social life among farmers is favored.

"(8) It is held desirable that local needs for goods and services be multiplied and that each community be served by its own members to a far greater extent.

"(9) A plan is favored to give unemployed persons an opportunity to gain a livelihood from the soil.

"(10) A farm population that is God-fearing and truly religious and a strong religious rural class are held the best safeguards for the peace of the world and effective guarantees of popular liberty.

"(11) The bishops called attention to the Pope's denunciation of the great evil of a rural proletariat."

These proposals go to the very roots of human life—for if humanity is to escape the conditions of slavery—either slavery to the Absolute State, or slavery to state capitalism, which now threaten so many nations, it is absolutely essential to recreate a basic class of small land-holders, practical subsistence farmers. In no land is this more necessary than ours. No other class of the nation shares that need more than American Catholics.

WEEK BY WEEK

International Developments

AS WE go to press, the World Economic Conference in London seems in grave danger of a sudden end. President Roosevelt's decisive message against the immediate stabilization of currencies is being made the occasion by the gold bloc, dominated by France, for threatening to pack their bags and go home. England seems to be in the position of trying to preserve peace between France and the other gold countries and the United States, and to be somewhat uncertain, if matters come to a definite impasse, of whether to follow the European or the American lead. The French press meanwhile speaks of the "impoliteness" of President Roosevelt's reference to the French not having paid their debt. The German press apparently is amused at the situation and willing to wait on developments. The over-seas commonwealths of the British Empire are reported to be urging the British government to go along with the United

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States in raising prices and, through controlled inflation, in easing the burden of debtors, while the industrial north of England is reporting that the cheap dollar, which means an enhanced pound, is resulting in wholesale cancellations of contracts for export trade made when the pound had deliberately been cheapened, contracts not so attractive now that the prospects are that they will have to be paid with a dear pound.

THESE are but a few of the complications. To deny that they are in the full sense of the word complications and to assume that they can be speedily reconciled by some general formula, would be folly. We think that the situation is one in which the United States for the first time in many years in an international conference is being unusually realistic. To have let politeness and palaver disguise real oppositions in interests between nation and nation, would have been nowhere near as useful as is the bringing of these oppositions into the open. Momentary excitement and movements of fear at the revelation of these oppositions, may seal the immediate end of the present conference. When the excitement subsides, however, we may hope that realistic arbitrations between nations will take place on a basis of broad principles not only of fair competition but also of mutual helpfulness. An important element in this hope is the fact that the American people are no doubt in preponderant numbers eminently satisfied with President Roosevelt's expressions of their will. A symposium of editorial opinion throughout the country, showed that except for two or three New York newspapers congenitally opposed to him, there was an overwhelming approval of his stand. Even in the case of the definitely Republican New York *Sun* and New York *Post,* there was a surprising restraint in criticizing him and the overt expression by the latter that perhaps we were witnessing the end of "a soft internationalism" of the United States government which had been productive of confusion only in the past because it glossed over hard facts and because it was repudiated ultimately by the law of our land, the people themselves.

The Catholic Worker

OUR LATEST distinguished contemporary is a little eight-page paper called the *Catholic Worker.* Justice and God's peace, rather than class war, are the things it seeks to foster. Even its make-up is peaceful, effectively, persuasively so. Its purpose is admirable and the paper is an answer to a real need. Our present Pontiff in his encyclical on social justice has said, "Undoubtedly the first and immediate apostle of the workingmen themselves must be workingmen." The natural solidarity of workers is easily apparent when one considers their common cause in the struggle against meager means and great insecurity—dire things in reality. The greed of the upper classes to keep, and to use their advantages to secure more of, what are not necessities but merely "blue chips," is an incendiary thing to the workers, or "labor," and can lead to destructive violence and ruthless, passionate retaliation, led often by long-haired demagogues to whom working in fact is little more familiar than it is to one of our idle rich. There is no denying that the greed exists and that it amounts to gross injustice where it is not checked. The workers properly may unite in their own defense against it. Greed, however, is not confined to any one class and a reversal of circumstances may make a brutal and unscrupulous tyrant of a former "worker." A homogeneous social order, a common purpose for all the classes so that all may work together for the common good, considering wealth as a custodianship requiring a sense of responsibility, with special consideration for those who through lack of means, or opportunity, or health, or intelligence, are least able to help themselves, is the Catholic solution for the social dilemmas, a solution clearly rationalized and expressed by Leo XIII and our present Pontiff. The *Catholic Worker* has its contribution to make toward this order. It is ably edited by Dorothy Day whom we are happy to have as a not infrequent contributor to THE COMMONWEAL. It is newsy, realistic and expressively Catholic. Workers may well support it and profit by it, and those other laborers who are not in the lowest bracket of necessitousness and insecurity may well read it and contribute to it for several good reasons.

Personal to Our Readers

WHEN the last returns of this journal's own financial campaign are all in, and the editorial and business departments have dug themselves out from under the mass of correspondence and bookkeeping with which they are now struggling, a complete report will be made to our public. That is to say, it will be complete so far as figures go. But we doubt our own ability ever to express fully and adequately the gratitude we feel. That in times such as these, when even the very wealthiest people are often keenly embarrassed by thir great losses, or their inability to find cash for pressing needs, that so many of our readers should have subscribed so large an amount as $26,000 (that figure has been almost reached as we write), is a fact that is most extraordinary. It betokens an interest in—we might well say, a love for—this journal which makes those concerned with its production keenly conscious of their responsibility for the future. In the truest sense of the words, this paper belongs to its readers. They saved it from extinction at a cost in self-sacrifice which the financial figures can-

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not tell. We can only hope—and pray, as well, through hard work, which is the practical form of prayer—that we may prove somewhat worthy of our readers.

Child Apostolate

A WORD of interested appreciation is due the Essex division of the Newark Diocesan Federation of the Holy Name Society, for an effort on behalf of the Catholic press which it recently sponsored to a successful and promising conclusion. In all the many appeals to the laity for the support and understanding of the apostolate of the press, it does curiously happen that the one class of Catholics which is ultimately of the greatest importance has been largely neglected. Few direct appeals have been made to the children. Parents and teachers are urged and bidden to sustain and extend the Catholic press mainly for the sake of the children, of course; but the rôle of passive beneficiary is not the same as the rôle of active participant. What the Essex branch of the Society attempted was the experiment of proclaiming recently an essay contest for the seventh- and eighth-graders throughout its territory, on the subject: "Why Read Catholic Periodicals?" The conditions were carefully worked out, and the matter was approached as a subject for serious study by the competing schools. As a result, some surprisingly good and mature papers were obtained; the prize essay itself, written by a pupil of St. Leo's, Irvington, is a model alike of excellent English and of informed reasoning. Modest as such efforts are, when conducted with intelligence and responsibility, as in this instance, they are anything but cues for the attitude of patronizing dismissal. Each means, not only that a few superior papers have been written, but that important corporate discussions have taken place, that minds have been open, that a field has been sown. We hope that the Essex Holy Name competition will initiate a whole series of juvenile events, studies, contests and debates.

The Return of Cheese

WE HAVE a fugitive impression that Mr. Chesterton has promised to give mankind a five-volume work yclept, "The Neglect of Cheese in European Literature." We await the masterpiece with anticipatory relish, of course, though we have not especially noted the neglect. European literature seems to us crammed full of references to cheese. Ourselves constitutionally unable to read the word in any language without becoming mad with yearning for a slab of the article, we find European literature so thickly sown with Stiltons and Cheddars, with fromages and fromagios and käses (to go no farther north), that practically all of our literary researches have as an under-current the anguished note of gustatory frustration. However, it does appear from the latest grocery statistics that cheese has been neglected somewhere. Not upon European writers but upon American teetotalers must be visited that shame. For this supreme aliment, so infinitely various yet so nobly constant, so subtly savorsome yet so splendidly plain and sustaining, this peak and pinnacle, in a word, of man's culinary achievement, has in this ungrateful and barbarous country remained uneaten—under prohibition—to an extent that can only be faintly gaged by the recent leap among cheese-eaters under 3.2. Twenty percent is the figure given already—and beer came back but yesterday. With us, it seems, it is not bread and cheese that are wedded, but beer and cheese. Does not the thought suggest a possible appeal to the better natures of the drys? Can they not be persuaded simply to forget the beer, save as a means to an end? Can they not be wooed into combining with us all to help bring back one of the most transcendent goods that the provident heavens have ever granted to man?

PERILS OF OPTIMISM

WE HAVE already discussed the statement recently issued by the seven members of the administrative committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, dealing with the world economic crisis; particularly, the share of our own nation in that crisis. No apology, however, is required in returning to the subject. When the leaders of the Catholic Church in the United States, our bishops, speak as one body, on any subject, the utmost attention, the most sincere respect, and serious study, should be given to their words. Moreover, the factors of the world crisis, and many separate articles might well be devoted to their consideration. Furthermore, in the midst of encouraging daily news chronicling at least the beginning of a revival of business—with more than a million men returned to employment; factories and mines reopening—and a general confidence that this time the bottom of the depression has been reached, and that we are now on the way to recovery, there is a danger that the chief value of the crisis, the lesson, it should teach, may be forgotten before it can be realized and applied. It is to teach that lesson, rather than to point to particular paths out of the valley of depression, that our bishops have written their letter. We have heard the letter criticized because, so said these critics, it deals with "abstractions and generalities," rather than concrete proposals, or even practical suggestions. Such criticism to our mind misses the whole point of the bishops' statement. It is the duty of the heads of a teaching Church to teach principles, from which others may develop programs and policies. A world which for so long

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has scorned spiritual and ethical principles, and, therefore, has reached its present condition of universal distress, must learn that nothing can be more practical than principles—true principles—and their sound application. The perils of a shallow optimism may be worse than the depressant effects of pessimism.

Nor will it be a good thing if we permit our reborn confidence to blind us to the fact that, good as it is that one million men have returned to wage-earning, or other forms of self-support, we still have ten to twelve million men unemployed, and that the basic problems of the world crisis remain unsolved. Certain measures to alleviate the crisis, particularly in this country, have been initiated: but we do not as yet know how they will work. As if to keep before us an adequate vision of the true situation facing mankind, the bishops quote, in the beginning of their lengthy and exceedingly grave examination of the crisis, what Pope Pius XI, "with world vision," said a year ago—and it is true now, and probably will remain true for many years hence: ". . . From the Flood on, it would be hard to find spiritual and material distress so deep, so universal as that which we are now experiencing; even the greatest scourges that left indelible traces in the lives and memories of peoples, struck only one nation at a time. Now, on the contrary, the whole of humanity is held bound by the financial and economic crisis. . . . There is no people, there is no state, no society or family, which in one way or another, directly or indirectly, to a greater or less extent, does not feel the repercussion."

And the bishops follow, of course, the same authority, when they proceed to analyze the causes of this lamentable condition of society, and there to prescribe the remedy. There is no other course that they can take. What Pius XI said, in turn, was what Leo XIII said, forty years before him, as what Leo said was derived from what his predecessors in the Chair of Peter have said for nearly two thousand years. For it all comes from the teachings of Christ. Each age may have—indeed, it inevitably must have—its own peculiar problems, with which the men of that age must deal in ways unlike those applied by the men of some other age to their own social questions. Yet the fundamental problems of all ages are alike, however different the exterior aspects and factors of those problems may be, or seem to be. So when Saint Paul told his age that "the desire of money is the root of all evils," he diagnosed a spiritual disease which produced its material as well as its spiritual evils nineteen hundred years ago, even as it does today.

"Is it not that lust of earthly goods that the pagan poet called with righteous scorn the 'accursed hunger for gold'; is it not that sordid egoism which too often regulates the mutual relations of individuals and society; is it not, in fine, greed, whatever be its species and form, which has brought the world to a pass we all see and deplore? From greed arises mutual distrust that casts a blight on all human beings, the consequent wiping out of vast fortunes; the collapse of credit; unlimited mass production, disturbing the balance of population between the rural districts and industrial centers; the inexcusable extravagance of government expenditures, and the national crime of maintaining armaments beyond all reasonable limits." So wrote the Pope; and the American bishops take the words as an irrefutable text upon which to base their own weighty indictment of the effects of greed upon their own nation. "We find," they say, "that, in common with other nations, we have brought about our present unhappy conditions by divorcing education, industry, politics, business and economics from morality and religion, and by ignoring for long decades the innate dignity of man, and trampling on his human rights. We have failed to realize that these rights are supreme so far as the purpose of human society is concerned; that they include the right of the individual to life, and also to the means of a normal, healthy life of mind and body, so long as man is willing to do his part; that they include likewise his rights as a social being, which rights should ensure sufficient means to provide for himself and his family. And, when speaking of man as a social being, we mean men, women and children, the husband and wife—in a word, the human family."

We cannot follow the extension, and the proofs supplied, of this argument, by the bishops. But again—as on the previous occasion when we discussed their statement—we urge our readers to obtain the complete document, and study it for themselves. It should be read not only in relation to the encyclical letters of Pope Pius XI, upon which it leans so strongly, but also in connection with the "Joint Pastoral Letter" issued by the entire hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, in 1919, and the Reconstruction Program issued by a special committee of the bishops a little later. For if our American Catholic leaders follow, as they must, the teachings of the whole Church, as laid down by the Head of that Church, the Pope, nobody who knows the practical and thoroughly well-informed manner in which Catholic doctrine—which can never change—has been applied to the native and peculiar character of American problems and conditions by our hierarchy would be tempted to call their utterances merely academic and abstract. On the contrary, against the perils of a reviving optimism which prematurely might conclude that the worst of our social troubles are over, the bishops' letter proclaims the fact that we are at a turning point in our national and international life, and that only a real, sincere application of Christian principles can enable us to take the right road out of the valley of depression.

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OXFORD'S CENTENARY

By P. W. WILSON

ON JULY 9, one hundred years ago, John Keble, the Anglican divine and hymn-writer, preached the Assize Sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, which was republished under the title, "National Apostasy." The occasion of this famous outburst of indignation was a measure before Parliament, reducing the number of Protestant dioceses in Ireland, many of them notoriously derelict, by ten, and at Westminster, swept by the more democratic franchise conceded in the Reform Bill, Keble's Toryism was regarded merely as one more proof that, as Matthew Arnold was to put it, Oxford is the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties."

A young "don" called John Henry Newman was strangely stirred by Keble's sermon, and—himself a master of English—he, with Pusey and other clerics, still in the enthusiasm of youth, led what came to be called the Oxford Movement. Its influence has been confined in no wise to the ecclesiastical field or to the Anglican Communion. It has been wide as the English-speaking world.

To the Protestant of the eighteenth-century, whether rationalist like David Hume or a mystic like Wesley, the Christian Era began with the clear light of a divine idealism. Gradually this illumination was obscured by corruptions in the Church and, for several centuries, known as the dark ages, Christendom lay under a kind of evangelical interdict. At the Reformation, the eclipse of the Gospel was followed by the renewed blessings of a clear day, flooded with sunshine.

The Tractarians were among the many throughout Great Britain who were catching a glimpse of history in a broader perspective. When the late Bishop Gore said that the word, catholic, was as music to his ears, he meant that civilization is continuous and comprehensive. Gradually that panorama emerged from oblivion.

The insolent paganism of Byron scorched the complacence of a generation, anti-Napoleonic, that had found its chief glory in war. Other poets, as Protestant as Longfellow and Wordsworth and Coleridge, with Tennyson to follow, were deeply moved by the wonder of the middle ages. In fiction, Scott surveyed that splendid scene and described at once its disintegration and the sequel. The grotesque in mediaevalism burst forth in the Ingoldsby Legends. Ruskin, searching for beauty in goodness, opened the eyes of his contemporaries to the inward significance of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, and contrasted these nobilities with the industrial wilderness. With Browning and George Eliot, he renewed the Shakespearean allegiance to Italy—to quote Lord Haldane's phrase—as "a spiritual home."

Turner led the painters of landscapes who revelled in the glories of the Gothic. Barry and Pugin, as architects, imposed an early Tudor style, even on the Houses of Parliament. The Pre-Raphaelites sought to reproduce the translucent sincerities of Giotto and Memling, and music proclaimed the majesty of the universal. They who sang oratorios by Handel and Mendelssohn could not be deaf to a Mass by Bach or Mozart. Everywhere worship was enriched by a tendency toward the liturgical.

In the forefront of the picture, the Tractarians saw the Church of England. It was the supreme achievement of that genius for compromise which was developed during the Elizabethan Era. Officially, the Church was as Protestant as the throne to which, as the Establishment, it was attached. But, according to the Tractarians, it was spiritually an authentic branch of the Church Catholic and Universal. To justify that position became the object of the Oxford Movement.

Newman expounded what he called the *via media*. At the Reformation, the Church in England may have been purged of certain abuses. The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion in the Prayer-Book—so it was argued in Tract Ninety—might denounce certain practices with a momentary vigor of expression. But the Church did not really cease to be Catholic. Its bark was worse than its bite, and a candidate for Holy Orders might cheerfully subscribe to the statement that Transubstantiation is "repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions" without sacrificing his status as a Catholic. So with the Black Rubric, as it is called—of which, strictly speaking, there are several—according to which "kneeling" at the Lord's Supper is not to be "misconstrued and depraved." We read that "no adoration is intended or ought to be done" to any Real Presence in the consecrated Elements, "it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one."

To British opinion, these words admitted of no misunderstanding. The Vatican also was wholly unconvinced that they offered any hope of a *via media* and Newman himself, studying the Monophysite heresy—which suggested to his mind a precedent for Anglicanism—began to be assailed by misgivings. Like many others, including Man-

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ning at a later date, he was received as an individual convert into the Roman Catholic Church.

To offer an impartial evaluation of the Oxford Movement has never been easy. It is less a movement than a series of cross-currents, leading to confused recrimination. Kingsley's charge against Newman was that he remained an Anglican as long as he could in order to promote Romanism. The indictment was triumphantly answered in the "Apologia." It has always been a question whether, on balance of results, Anglo-Catholics have stimulated a Romeward trend or held it back. On the one hand, they invigorated the Protestant Episcopacy. On the other hand, they aroused that which Anglicanism has not been able, in all cases, to satisfy. The Brompton Oratory, the Westminster Cathedral and the restored Abbey at Buckfast, with the organization of Catholic dioceses, indicate how great a change there has been in the British attitude toward Papacy.

From the first, the Anglo-Catholics have had to face a dilemma. They assert the claims of the Church Catholic, Apostolic and Universal, as they define the Church. But they have not been prepared for Disestablishment which would set them free from the trammels of a Protestant state.

In her doctrine and worship, the Church of England is not subject, either to episcopal guidance or to canon law. The Prayer Book has been described as a Schedule to an Act of Parliament; recently the House of Commons defeated a revision of that Prayer Book—and, as the discussions indicated, chiefly on the ground that permission was given to reserve the Sacrament. The standard of ceremonial has given rise to unending controversy. According to the rubric:

> Here it is to be noted that such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in the Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth.

It is estimated that about six thousand of the clergy, or about a third of the whole number, are Anglo-Catholic, not merely by acquiescence but in definite purpose. In any event, there have been numerous "innovations" into ritual and the attempt of the bishops, not always whole-hearted, to enforce the rubrics can hardly be regarded as effective. At Marazion, in Cornwall, to allude to a recent sensation, the Chancellor of the Diocese condemned fifteen ornaments, including tabernacles, altars, crucifixes, stations and a stoup for holy water. The vicar ignored the judgment, and the Protestant Truth Society forcibly removed or smashed the illegalities.

The Centenary of the Oxford Movement thus reveals a situation of no little complexity. In August last, the Anglican clergy, assisted by nonconformists, celebrated the eight-hundredth anniversary of the once great Benedictine foundation, Fountains Abbey. That is the kind of festival that the post-Tractarians have desired. But the occasion disclosed three parties in the Church.

First, there are the evangelicals who ask on what terms they are to participate in the rejoicings. Would it not be unfortunate if, let us say, the singing of an invocation to the Virgin Mary were to put them as Protestants under the necessity of withdrawing from some public gathering?

Secondly, there is the middle party, honestly grateful to the Tractarians for their courage in overcoming Puritanism in the Church, and ready to adopt any change that beautifies public worship, but quite content to leave ultimate questions of authority to the long slow arbitrament of time.

Thirdly, there are the Anglo-Catholic stalwarts. To them, it is essential that the Church of England, with its world-wide affiliated communions, shall justify its claim to be, by apostolic succession, a branch of the true Church, founded by Christ. This is the reason why such clergy are so persistent in elaborating ritual, externally Roman. They are seeking, as it were, to build up the Elizabethan compromise to the level of a genuine Catholicity, and many of them regard the Evangelicals as needing conversion to the true and primitive faith, once delivered to the saints.

In the Anglican Church, these conflicting elements are pulling against each other. To the evangelicals, the sacraments are symbolic only—"the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace"—and the episcopacy, while respected as an ancient and authoritative institution, is not regarded as ultimately essential to a church. The desire of the evangelicals is a close coöperation with nonconformity.

But the Anglo-Catholic holds that the episcopacy, however Latitudinarian some of his bishops may be, is *de fide*. To him, a sacrament is null and void unless it be authentic. The organic reunion that he desires is not with the Evangelical Churches, as now constituted, but with historic Catholicism, wherever it may be found.

On the basis of Inter-Communion, the Old Catholics who separated from the Roman obedience in 1870 when infallibility was promulgated, have met the Anglicans. In December, 1931, a Joint Doctrinal Commission, officially representing the Anglican and Eastern Churches, having surveyed the differences between these bodies, issued a report which declared "much underlying agreement." There is added this sentence:

> We agree that the basis of Inter-Communion should be a union of faith, but we do not think that it is our function to determine what measure of divergence may be considered legitimate.

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That is a matter to be determined by the Synods of the respective Churches.

The Anglo-Catholics are profoundly concerned over their relation with the Roman Catholic Church. As a party, they are reluctant to submit, like Newman, to individual conversion. Led by the aged layman, Viscount Halifax, they have sought to promote an organic association of the Church of England with the Roman See. They are prepared to recognize the primacy of the Pope, and it has been suggested that Canterbury should enjoy the status of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople as a fifth Patriarchate, ranking after the Pope but before the College of Cardinals. It is a picturesque suggestion and it indicates the trend of thought.

For half a century, this subject has been under discussion. In the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," we read that Pope Leo XIII "showed special anxiety for the return of England to the Roman Catholic fold, and addressed a letter *ad Anglos* dated April 14, 1895." Lord Halifax then appealed to Rome for a recognition of Anglican orders by the Pope. At the Vatican, a Commission was appointed and on September 15, 1896, the Pope issued his Bull, "Apostolicae Curae," declaring in final terms that these orders are invalid, and today this continues to be the position.

After the war, many emotions stirred mankind. Among them, there was the impulse toward what has been described as Pan-Christianity. Throughout Great Britain, the name of Cardinal Mercier was received everywhere with deep and affectionate admiration. When it was learned, therefore, that conversations were proceeding at Malines between distinguished Roman and Anglican divines, even the extremists on the Protestant side restrained their misgivings. It is enough to add that, on the latter occasion as on the earlier, the affair came to nothing.

On January 6, 1928, Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical in which there is reference to "many non-Catholics preaching often of brotherly love in Christ Jesus." But none were ready "to submit themselves and obey the Vicar of Christ either as teacher or as ruler of the Church." They wished "to treat with the Roman Church," but only "as equals," on which conditions, we read, "the Apostolic See cannot in any way participate in their reunions."

The reply of Lord Davidson, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury, was no less explicit. "Rome's view," he said in October, 1929, "is that the footpath is easy if we will do her bidding." He added, "we can enter no portal of fellowship which has 'submission' graven on its lintel—submission to what would be unendurable because [according to the Anglican contention] it is untrue." In November, 1928, Dr. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester, denounced what he called "the tyranny of the Italian Curia," and in December, 1924, Dr. Henson, Bishop of Durham, wrote to the London *Times* stating:

> Until the Bull "Apostolicae Curae," declaring Anglican orders entirely null and void, shall have been cancelled or mitigated, discussion of reunion with the Church of Rome cannot be properly or fruitfully undertaken.

The impasse is thus absolute. Organic reunion, even if conceivable, would only result in a more emphasized disunion among the Anglicans themselves. Does anyone seriously suppose that Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, fighting sacraments as "magic," or Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, with his Etonian view of ecclesiastical history, has the slightest intention, even if celibacy were waived, of accepting the Roman rite and obedience? Would Parliament give legal sanction to whatever might be involved as an authority over temporalities and patronage? And how about the Anglican Church outside England? Has Lord Halifax a right to speak for Ulster and Ontario?

The Anglo-Catholics are unfortunately situated. Fighting for confessional without confessional boxes and saints without altars, they are driven into quarrels over detail and compelled to be other than their true selves. It is not in terms of candles, incense and external ritual, a little lace on a vestment, a biretta on the brow, however expressive may be these ceremonial details, that the Oxford Movement is to be appraised.

Something in the atmosphere has changed. The England of today is not the England of 1851 which, by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, declared null and void the Bull instituting "a hierarchy of bishops deriving their titles from their own sees." That Act, repealed in 1871, was never other than a dead letter but as a symptom of the national temper of a bygone day, it was significant and any such legislation would now be unthinkable. The King and Queen of England have been received by the Pope in audience and, recently, such an audience was granted to Prime Minister MacDonald. What we may expect must be left to time.

Miracles

Year after year I have scanned the skies
For rainbows ribbed by a thousand dyes,
For moonlight tipped from a silver Grail,
Or Pegasus in a comet's tail.

And year after year has only spun
Me complacent miracles of sun,
The wonted marvel of old moon scars,
And a breathless commonplace of stars.

LORI PETRI.

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SUPPLIES FOR MEDICAL MISSIONS

By EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ

The writer of this article is the president of the Catholic Medical Mission Board and he writes movingly of the Good Samaritan functions of missionaries that properly go hand in hand with their labors of spiritual charity in bringing to all nations the food of the soul. Spiritual labors are as truly labors without which faith is vain as labors of corporal mercy, of course, but the latter to those who have no faith often are a most convincing sign. Father Garesché gives some simple, practical suggestions.—The Editors.

THE MANY hundreds of letters which come in to the headquarters of the Catholic Medical Mission Board at 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York City, bear moving witness to the importance of the medical aspect of the missions. From priests, Brothers and Sisters and missionary doctors and nurses we receive one constant chorus of appreciation for supplies received, of moving instances of the good done to bodies and souls through this medical aid, and of petitions that more and more be sent, as the need is so great and the resources so small.

Reading these letters one is brought to the conviction that the example given by Christ in consistently healing the sick before He began to preach the Gospel, is as practical and timely in our late day as it was when the Son of Man walked through the highways and byways of Galilee. Human nature does not change, and the relief of sickness and pain ever touches the hearts of men and women, for the illness of one near and dear overshadows almost any other misfortune, and the desire to be well and free from pain is innate in all, regardless of color, race, creed, age, or time. Thus medical care is a key which unlocks all hearts.

There is also another reason why the missionary in primitive countries finds this divine example of Christ in healing the sick particularly timely. Many of these countries are in the same, or a worse, condition medically than was Galilee in the time of Christ. To go from our highly organized country with all its medical and surgical facilities, where the poor as well as the rich are carefully ministered to in time of sickness, to the mission lands where there are often no hospitals, or even doctors, or nurses, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, is to go back nearly two thousand years in the history of medicine. Witch doctors are often the only persons who pretend to any medical skill, and their methods are crude and cruel to the last degree. There are no drug stores, nor any places where medicines can be purchased, sometimes within hundreds of miles. Yet the people are afflicted with all the ills which plague human flesh —all the diseases we experience and many others. Terrible epidemics sweep over these countries, carrying off hundreds of thousands; the natives are subject to dreadful skin diseases, sometimes caused by tropical parasites, sometimes by the unsanitary ways of the people. Moreover, they live together in such congestion and poverty that the disease of one is soon communicated to the rest.

When a man comes to the mission field often his only point of contact with the natives is their willingness to receive medical help. We may imagine the missionary arriving at a native pagan village, full of zeal and courage, crowds flocking around him to hear his explanation of the gospel, and some going forward to ask for instruction and baptism. But the reality is quite different. The missionary arrives at the village, walks up its main street and finds himself in solitude. The people are shy of the stranger and they run in and shut the doors. How is he to gain a hearing from these strange and timid people? Often it is through the children that he makes friends with their elders. More curious than the rest, they gradually gather around him. He gives them little pictures and trinkets, which win their hearts. He talks to them of Jesus. But most powerful of all is the approach through medical care. Some of the poor little ones have infected eyes and the priest or Sister puts into them drops of an antiseptic solution, which heals the infected lids, and perhaps saves the sight. Others have ulcers that have to be cleansed and soothed with ointments and dressings. As soon as the older folks realize that this strange man or woman is useful in taking care of the sick, the whole attitude of the village changes. No sooner does the Sister or priest appear in the streets than the people crowd around asking for help. Where before there was aversion and fear, there is now confidence.

Hundreds of letters tell us that one of the great packing-cases sent out by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, full of medicines, bandages and dressings, can do incalculable good in winning souls, as well as healing bodies; while, if the missionary is the happy possessor of one of the Medical Mission kits, with its water-proof canvas container and its selected assortment of instruments and bandages and dressings, he can draw hundreds who will come to be healed and who will remain to listen to his talk and be converted.

But where are the means to supply medicines and equipment for the missionaries? In our much-favored country there is hardly a parish where the people could not readily gather quantities of

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medicines and make bandages and dressings for the missions. Whence are medicines collected? Those who are familiar with the practice of medical manufacturers know that they distribute each year tons and tons of valuable samples of medicines and medical preparations to doctors, nurses, hospitals and drug stores, with the hope that the products may thus become known and adopted. But what happens to the samples? Some of them are used by the doctors to whom they are sent or by their patients, and in that way their purpose is attained. Many others, however, are not needed, and so they lie about gathering dust until they are thrown away. Here is the opportunity for zealous collectors of medicines. If each one of the friends of Medical Missions were to ask the doctors in his own or her own neighborhood to put aside those samples which they do not intend to use, and would then ship them by freight prepaid to the headquarters of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, it would be a very valuable and useful service. There such samples are sorted out and repacked in proper portions for shipping all over the world, to the few equipped mission hospitals and the many little dispensaries in the jungle. Every particle of good medicine can be used.

Friends of the Medical Missions would also do well to ask the doctors, whom they visit or call up on the telephone, whether they have any instruments or medical equipment which is still useful but not needed by themselves. These also should be collected and sent to the headquarters, for we receive constant requests for them.

Someone may ask why these things should not be forwarded at once to the missions. The answer is quite simple. Discretion and selection is necessary in sending medical supplies to any particular mission. Thus, there are some missions where baby food and foods of various kinds for invalids are very much needed, and in other missions, because of some reason such as the expense of the customs or the great distance the supplies have to be carried they would be unwelcome. Again, drugs which only a doctor should administer can be sent safely and profitably only where there is a resident doctor; in other places such medicines would be useless, or even dangerous. In some places special instruments for performing difficult operations are needed, and are welcomed because there is a surgeon there who can use them; elsewhere such instruments would be useless.

Thus, if medical supplies are sent indiscriminately, much is likely to be wasted. There is, therefore, the need of a clearing-house, where many various donations of medicines and medical equipment may be received, sorted out and arranged in proportionate groups, so that the needs of each missionary will be supplied. The Catholic Medical Mission Board headquarters is well equipped for this purpose. It has a large shipping-room, in one end of which are received the boxes, bales and barrels containing medical supplies, sent in by doctors, nurses and Catholic societies and individuals, all over the country. Everything is opened, inspected and sorted out into systematically prepared bins, each of which contains a certain class of medicine or supplies. These bins line either wall of the room, and at the rear of the room are large tables capable of holding thirty packing-cases at one time. These cases are systematically filled with medicines, carefully packed so that they can travel thousands of miles without breaking. A record is kept of the contents and each box is consecutively numbered, this number serving as its identification. These boxes are then sent over sea and land to the farthest parts of the globe, to missionaries who have written in and told us of their needs. There is much jubilation upon the arrival of one of these boxes in some remote village in Africa, India or China.

When we think of the tons of sample medicines which are thrown away, in our own country, we naturally wish that we might salvage these things for the missions. This would be a service to the manufacturers as well as to the missions, for priests and Sisters who become acquainted with these products will, perhaps, be large purchasers of them when the little dispensary grows up into a larger institution, or even into a hospital.

Another work for helping the missions, is the making of bandages and dressings, which are needed in huge quantities in mission hospitals and dispensaries, for tropical skin diseases, and especially ulcers and open wounds. The Sisters write us that sometimes they have had to tie up the wounds in newspapers after putting a little gauze or ointment on them, so as to keep out the dust and dirt at least, and give them a better chance to heal. The Catholic Medical Mission Board has established a special service to secure excellent material for this purpose at a lower rate than the workers could buy it for themselves. Full information about this phase of the work will be gladly given at the headquarters. A little book called "The Catholic Medical Mission Manual" gives simple instructions as to making special bandages and other supplies. Many who are themselves semi-invalids can find congenial occupation in doing this work; the manual costs $.25. The help of societies, groups, and individuals in making bandages and dressings for the missions is welcomed.

There are further plans and activities, such as supporting doctors and nurses in the mission fields and recommending them to the Mission Superiors who are in search of qualified medical and nursing aid, educating native young men and women to become doctors and nurses, and similar needed enterprises. Every individual has a rich opportunity to aid the medical side of the missions, both by prayer and by toil.

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AN ARTIST'S PHILOSOPHY

By GERALD B. PHELAN

ONE DOES not need to be a connoisseur to sense the master-touch in Eric Gill's sculpture but it would be rash for anyone not an expert to judge his carving or to estimate his influence as an artist. Mr. Charles Marriot has pointed out how Eric Gill escapes "the two heresies which lie in wait for the artist: 'nature' and 'abstract form.' . . . Having a strong sense of stone, Eric Gill has never fallen into either heresy, the unduly imitative or the unduly abstract." Once that has been seen and said by a competent critic, it is not hard to perceive from Eric Gill's own handiwork how true it is and how truly it reflects the philosophy of the artist himself. For, not only is Eric Gill an artist with the chisel, cutting and carving rough stone into beautiful shapes, but he is, in the words of Joseph Thorp, "a man who does his own thinking and knows how to use a pen."

This article is concerned not with Gill, the artist (there are some topics which a mere teacher of philosophy should not venture to discuss in print) but with Gill the thinker, the philosopher whose views on aesthetics are both delightfully fresh and decidedly vigorous.

Gill belongs to that group of artists and writers who, roughly speaking, would agree with D. H. Lawrence ("Fantasia of the Unconscious") that

> . . . art is utterly dependent upon philosophy, or if you prefer it, on a metaphysic. The metaphysic or philosophy may not be anywhere very accurately stated and may be quite unconscious in the artist, yet it is a metaphysic that governs men at all times and is by all men more or less comprehended and loved. Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision. This vision exists also as a dynamic idea or metaphysic—exists first as such. Then it is unfolded in life and art.

Eric Gill's metaphysic, however, is not "quite unconscious in the artist" and his vision is by no means "gradually withering." His philosophy is on the contrary accurately, and vehemently stated and his vision is steadily unfolding. With Christopher Dawson ("Progress and Religion") he believes:

> The starting point of human progress is to be found in the highest type of knowledge—the intuition of pure being . . . Man's development is not as much from the lower to the higher but from the confused to the distinct.

In the tradition to which Eric Gill's philosophy of art belongs, there is an ever-varying freshness and vitality solidly anchored to a never-varying metaphysic, which justifies confidence in the future of our hopes and aims and of our art. Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Paul Claudel and Maurice Denys have all given good reason for the artistic faith that is in them; and more recently, M. Jacques Maritain, in his admirable study on the metaphysics of art and the nature of beauty. Gill is fundamentally at one with these thinkers, but his views are his own.

The whole structure of Eric Gill's metaphysics of art rests upon four broad principles: the nature of man, the essence of art, the meaning of beauty and the love of God. The first of these he borrows from the penny catechism; the second and third from Saint Thomas Aquinas; the fourth from Saint Augustine.

Man is defined in the catechism as a creature composed of body and soul, made to know, serve and love God.

> Such is the dignity of man, a responsible creature, the child of God, and his destiny is the inheritance of the kingdom of heaven, the ultimate reality, the beatific vision, *gaudium de veritate.*

Art is the *recta ratio factibilium*—it is

> . . . always and everywhere a matter of making and all things made are works of art. Good art is making things well, bad art, making them badly. It is as simple as that. . . . What is art but simply skill? . . . Art is rooted in the earth and its roots are the skill of men . . . art is therefore deliberate skill . . . If skill is the root of art its trunk is deliberation . . . A work of art is a thing which a man has made deliberately as well as he knows how to.

Beauty is *id quod visum placet*—it is

> . . . the shining out of the True and the Good, so that, being seen, the thing delights the mind. . . . Beauty is neither a mere "likeness to nature" on the one hand, nor of sentimental expressiveness on the other. . . . Beauty is that order in things which we perceive to be in itself and at once both right and good. It is perceived by intuition and the knowledge of it is developed by contemplation.

The love of God is primarily God's love of Himself. God loves Himself and Himself only.

> God loves the world because he loves that in it which corresponds to Himself. . . . The universe is a gratuity, a thing that its Maker wanted for His own pleasure; it is primarily a manifestation of God's love for Himself. . . . The love of God is sensbile in beauty.

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The artist prolongs that love of God, carries it forward so to speak, into the love of the things which the artist makes.

> Like God, he would survey his handiwork and see that it is good. . . . Man yearns for his normal occupation as collaborator with God in creating and still endeavors to play the artist. . . . Man in loving good absolutely loves God. But, if God is absolutely good, he is also absolutely true and beautiful, and man, in loving goodness, truth and beauty, loves God.

Saint Augustine's dictum, *Dilige Deum et fac quod vis,* is the artist's charter of freedom since

> . . . a work of art is a work of love . . . a thing made by a lover, and God alone is beloved . . . Hence, to make a thing well for its own sake (as every true artist does) is tantamount to making it so for God's sake. . . . For art is the sensible expression of man's love of God, as nature is the sensible expression of God's love of Himself.

Eric Gill has nowhere systematized his metaphysics of art upon the basis of these four principles. In spite of the fact that he almost invariably defines his terms before he throws them into action, there is no trace of stilted formalism in his style. His points of reference are always readily discernible and, on occasion, aptly indicated. He can, and often does, employ a method of analysis reminiscent of his master, Thomas of Aquin. But, as a rule, he writes with a flowing pen and allows his thought to run its course guided only by the implicit control of the metaphysical ideas with which his mind is saturated.

The Fabian Eric Gill, the Agnostic who had "wandered out of Anglicanism," found his way into the Church at a time when he sorely needed the dogmatic certainty of the Faith to give stability to his soaring idealism and to enlighten a mind revolted by the social chaos of the modern world. In his flight from Paris, whither he had gone at the behest of Count Kessler, Eric Gill stopped at a Benedictine monastery in Belgium. His French was none too fluent but the good advice of a certain monk—"Pas de symbolisme, mon fils"—struck him with the force of the "tolle, lege" that roused Saint Augustine to an avid study of the Gospel. Symbolism! What is a symbol but a pointing finger? And to what does it point? The answer is on every page of Eric Gill. The work of art is neither representative of nature nor symbolical of thought. It is a work, an object, with a value of its own: a thing in which the deliberate skill of the artist has expressed his love of being, truth, goodness and beauty—of God.

Eric Gill's vehement, almost violent, denunciation of industrial slavery (a recurrent theme in his writings) is grounded on his principle of the nature of man as a deliberate, responsible workman, whose joy is in his work, and whose work is done for the love of God.

> That a man may show the love of God in his work he must be free. "I have found that nothing is better than for a man to rejoice in his work and that this is his portion." He shall "rejoice," as one should say he shall have it with Love. This is not merely a statement of fact, it is also a command—a command that in labor we show the Love of God.

Industrial conditions do not allow a man to be responsible for his work, for the design or workmanship of the thing made. He is only responsible for doing what he is told. A responsible workman is an artist. Therefore every workman has the call to be an artist, to make things freely and deliberately, not for the mere joy of making but for the good of the thing made.

> It is an abnormal condition of things wherein we differentiate between ordinary workmen and artists.

Art is a matter of making says Gill. Whence it differs from prudence which is a matter of doing. What is made is the end of the act of making but what is done is done for an ulterior end. All art is religious—not, of course, in the sense of ecclesiastical—for it is an end worth while in itself, the worship of God in the thing made. It is not *for* worship; it *is* worship.

This clear-cut distinction between the *deed* and the *work,* prudence and art, counts for much in understanding Gill's apparently erotic moods. Both Gill and Maritain protest that the problem of the freedom of the artist with regard to the subjects he is to depict has been badly stated because it is forgotten that the subject is merely the matter of the work of art. What God has not been ashamed to make, the artist need not be ashamed to depict nor the writer to discuss. Maritain says ("Art and Scholasticism"):

> The essential question is from what altitude he depicts it and whether or not his mind is pure enough and strong enough to depict it without connivance.

There are not two Eric Gills—the Eric Gill of the Westminster Stations and the Eric Gill of "The Splits," or if you wish, the Eric Gill of "Art and Love" and the Eric Gill of "Clothes." There is but one Eric Gill and his essay on the Canticle of Canticles reveals, perhaps, better than any other the unity of the artist's thought, while "Tobias and Sara" is, to my untutored eye, the counterpart in stone of that superb essay.

Eric Gill knows where he stands. His thinking is as deep as his art is sublime. Both in his philosophy and in his carving his touch is sure. God, man, art, beauty—these are the four leading themes of all his writing. He links them together with an insight and a balance rarely found.

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SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

By DOROTHY DAY

"WE ARE poor, but we are also rich," said Teresa sagely, in reference to a remark of the little girl upstairs whose mother had just bought a new kitchen stove. "As long as we have a roof over our heads and a few spoonfuls of food, we are rich."

"But I want more than a few spoonfuls of food," said Dickie, who was having dinner with us that night and who has a healthy twelve-year-old appetite. "I want two or three helpings."

So dishing out some more baked potatoes and string beans, I began to regale them with the poverty of Saint John of the Cross, whose life, by Father Bruno, I had been reading for the past week.

I told them about the hermitage of Calvario where Saint John lived for a time. The former prior there had been unbridled in his ascetism. The only food he allowed his hermits was raw herbs selected by Brother Alonso the cook, who led his mule along the mountainsides and looked at what it fed on so that he might collect it.

"A good many of them would have preferred that he should cease from troubling himself," the account written at the time reads.

On feast days they had a stew of breadcrumbs seasoned with oil, garlic and pepper, and so strict were the hermits that some criticized this relaxation as unnecessary.

"I would have eaten the mule," said Dickie stoutly, buttering himself another slice of bread. "They ate horses during the war. I guess I coulda eaten mules."

"But Saint John wasn't so strict," I hastened to assure my guest. "He said that 'as men's minds are more inclined to society than to solitude, it was necessary in hermitages one should have a little more well-regulated corporeal solace than elsewhere,' so he must have remedied the scanty meals at Calvario, and then it could not have been so bad."

According to the account of Father Bruno who traveled all over Spain in the footsteps of Saint John, Calvario was a beautiful spot surrounded by orange, fig, almond and olive trees. The trouble with the place was that it was so small that the brothers were crowded and could not be alone. So at night John used to take them walking and after recreation by the banks of the stream which ran past the hermitage, he scattered his hermits to various points on the mountainside to make their evening meditation in peace and quiet."

"That is like us," said Teresa, spooning up her apple sauce. "Down in the country we have such a little, little house, it is like the colored people's houses down in Florida. So when we want to get away from people, we go walking on the beach and sing 'All ye works of the Lord.'"

"We never have enough room anywhere," said Dickie, who is a big fellow and finds it hard to dispose of his arms and legs. "If the rooms aren't too small, then there are always grandmothers and relatives hanging around and telling you to turn off the radio."

Saint Teresa, the good friend of Saint John, loved poverty dearly too. "The great honor of the poor is in being really poor," she says in her 'Camino.' But she adds that she made Saint Joseph her banker and never hesitated at any useful expenditure. "She was too supernatural and too intelligent to do things by halves," Father Bruno says. She herself writes, "Saint Teresa and three ducats is nothing, but God, Saint Teresa and three ducats is everything."

One of her first aims in her new houses was to see that her nuns had enough to eat, though she herself had to skimp often. One of the evils of the unreformed order lay in the fact that the convents were so poor (Reverend Father Rubeo after visiting them in 1567 forbade them to receive any more novices "for they would be in danger of dying of hunger") that the nuns fell into lax habits of sociability in order that they might receive from the hands of their friends sweetmeats and dainties to eat.

Saint Teresa not only loved poverty but she had a great respect for poor people, just as Saint John of the Cross had, and she was too "supernatural-minded" to turn away Andrada, the ragged young student at Toledo who offered to help the Sisters. "He had nothing but himself to help them with, he said," Saint Teresa writes in her "Foundations." "It amused me much and my companions more, to see what sort of assistance the holy man (Brother Martin of the Cross) had sent us; for his appearance was not that of a person for barefoot nuns to associate with."

But she asked him to find a house for them, which he did in a day. He told them it would be cleared out and for them to bring their things, and he expressed no surprise at the two mattresses and one blanket which Saint Teresa and her two companions had. "We went for some days with the mattresses and the blanket without more to cover us, and one day we had not even a bit of wood to broil a sardine," she writes. "At night we suffered a little from cold, for it was cold; however we covered ourselves with the blanket and with the serge cloaks which we wear over our habit, which have often been useful to us."

"She can't have been much more uncomfortable than I was all last winter," said Teresa's uncle, who is six feet and also young and gangling, "on that bed which folded up and had ridges in the middle and a mattress two inches thick. But I slept all right," he added.

I commended his saintly patience and continued my talk of the saints of those days. There were a great many of them—not only Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross. Father Bruno tells of Anne of Jesus, Beatrice of St. Michel, Catherine of St. Albert, Magdalene of the Holy Ghost, Frances of the Mother of God, Catherine of Jesus, Anne of Lobera and Marie de la Cruz. Catherine of the Conception, the holy Portuguese, was so gay "that she went to heaven laughing," as Saint Teresa put it.

They were all very gay and happy as a matter of fact. Blessed Anne of St. Bartholomew who knew Saint Teresa better than anyone, tells us "that she did not like melancholy people, that she herself was not gloomy and

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did not wish others to be so in her company; she used to say, 'May God deliver me from surly saints.' "

When Saint Teresa entered her convent to take the habit as a young girl, she went there dressed in an orange-colored dress with black velvet trimmings. She was always lighthearted—and I picked up Father Bruno's book to read some of it aloud.

"Teresa, like Saint Peter of Alcantara," he writes, "did not insist so much on mortifications of the flesh as on *desnudez,* the solitude and silence so necessary and fruitful for the spiritual life. . . . The primitive rule does not prescribe absolute silence, save from after Compline to Prime of the following day. Teresa, in order to put a stop to unnecessary conversation, settled on two hours of recreation, one in midday, the other in the evening, during which time 'things are so combined that we learn to know our own faults, at the same time enjoying relaxation which helps us the better to support the austerity of the rule. But the slightest detraction is strictly forbidden.' There is nothing cold or formal about these recreations she speaks of, which are so useful for acquiring self-knowledge. They have not the slightest appearance of prescribed duties. The Sisters chat as they work, for Teresa did not intend them to be idle. This does not prevent gaiety, even though there be no great desire for laughter. One day while she was still at Rio de Olmos, very tired and feverish, she was going to her cell at recreation time when a young lay Sister, a novice, who saw her slipping away, said to her: 'Are you not coming with us, Reverend Mother?' Teresa smiled and said, 'All right Sister, I'm coming.' She had a tabor and castanets, and she sang and danced. 'A queer sort of mother-foundress!'

"In her, the mystical impulse, poetry and childlike gaiety were all in harmony. She said to some peevish Sisters who took scandal, 'All this is needed to make life endurable.' Father John was not scandalized, and he acted in the same way more than once. He is a poet, the poet of the dark night, but also the poet of joy and love."

Before reading Father Bruno's book, I was acquainted with Saint John of the Cross only through the writings of Saint Teresa and through some translations of his poems. I knew very little about him, and though I was sure he was not a surly saint, I had thought him an extremely solitary one. So I was glad to find in Father Bruno's pages that his brother, Francisco de Yepes, was always his very dear friend and followed him in his wanderings often. And Catalina Alvarez, his mother, who had been left a widow early to support her two young sons by her silk weaving, came to his house at Duruelo from her home in Medina in order that she might cook for the Fathers in the first house of the reformed Carmelites. I thought as I read of the devoted Catalina, how Don Bosco's mother sold all that she had in order to help her son in his work for the youth of the city streets, and how she too came to live in his first house to help with the cooking and cleaning.

He was indeed poor, but, as little Teresa says, "he was also rich," this valiant saint!

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IMMIGRATION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. Herbert C. Pell, in his article, "Immigration," appearing in your issue of May 26, offers what appears to be a new and constructive idea in his suggestion to have immigrants pass through a physical examination on the order of tests for admission to the United States Army. But unforunately Mr. Pell advocates doing away with our present law and replacing it with his plan for physical basis of admission alone, instead of utilizing his scheme to strengthen the present law by having physical tests of immigrants within the quotas.

Nor is Mr. Pell entirely logical or scientific in his dissertation on the various phases of the struggle for restrictive legislation in the past. May I point out that the present quota law was evolved after years of ineffective plans to curb the flood of immigration into this country. The present law is by no means to be regarded as a "first remedy that attracts public attention," as Mr. Pell would have us believe.

Also Mr. Pell fails to explain why the present quota law is "about the most nonsensical method ever adopted by any country to achieve a worthy object." Certainly his opinion is contrary to that of the great majority of educators and of the government experts under the direction of Dr. Hill, Assistant Director of the Census Bureau. The enactment of the present law was solidly defended by most of the patriotic societies of this country, who were neither affiliated with nor approved of the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Pell suffers a loss of his good nature and tolerance when he makes such an uncalled-for statement. The remark that the present law "provides that a certain number of immigrants shall be admitted to the United States in the proportion which a group of men in New York believes to have been the proportion of immigration prior to the Revolution" is utterly false. Actually the quotas are based on the relative numerical importance of the various ancestral stocks in 1920, according to the detailed reckonings of government statisticians from manifold records of the census and immigration bureaus between 1790 and 1920. And the American Revolution was over in 1784, by the way.

But Mr. Pell's most absurd statement is that the immigration law now in force is merely a window-dressing for the vigorous anti-Catholic drive of the Ku Klux Klan and the *Menace.* As a matter of fact Roman Catholics are freely admitted within the quotas, whether from the Irish Free State, Germany, Austria, Poland or any of the so-called Protestant countries.

Most intelligent people of today recognize the admixture of Nordic, Mediterranean and Slav blood within the modern white nations. But it is well not to emphasize the appearance of the individual person so much as the predominance of the racial strain or type within the group. Thus we do find many individuals of Mediterranean or Slavic type in such essentially Nordic groups

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as the populations of Great Britain, the Irish Free State, Scandinavia, the Netherlands and Western Germany. The mere possession of blond hair or some other particular physical feature in an individual does not stamp that person as of a certain race, for he may be a throwback to some remote ancestor. It is the prevalence of both mental traits and physical characteristics in a group of people that signifies the presence of a dominant racial strain. It is not scientific to declare a man a Nordic because he has blond hair, or Mediterranean because he has black hair. He may be referred to as of a particular racial type only if he has the predominating characteristics in an overwhelming degree. At any rate it takes no scientist to observe the fundamental racial differences between the people of Northwestern Europe generally and those of Southern or Eastern Europe. Nor is it a reflection on any group of nationals in Europe to say that in the past the immigrants from Northwest Europe have adapted themselves to the American scene more quickly than is the case with the average newcomer from other regions of the Continent. Furthermore it is a fact that the countries of Northern Europe have sent us a far greater proportion of their better elements than is the case with Southern and Eastern Europe, as proven by the records of criminals, insane asylums and almshouses, as well as by the intelligence tests of the United States Army during the World War.

By all means let us adopt Mr. Pell's "army test" method for immigrants, but as a further bulwark to the most fair and logical plan for immigration restriction ever evolved, short of total exclusion of immigrants from Europe.

CLINTON S. BURR.

TO the Editor: I read with interest the article by Herbert Pell on "Immigration" in your issue of May 26, 1933. Mr. Pell presents an interesting case against our present restrictive immigration law particularly as exemplified by the national origins quota act of 1924. Many serious-minded persons agree with him as to the motivation of this legislation and question its usefulness as a method of restrictive selection. It is pertinent, however, to note that the present almost total cessation of immigration is not due, primarily, to the quota law but to the strict interpretation which the consular service has been directed to give to "the likely to become a public charge" clause of the basic immigration law of 1917.

A statement showing the status of the immigration quotas as of about April 30, has just been issued by the Department of State at Washington. Since April is the tenth month of the immigration year, the whole yearly quota might have been used by April 30 in accordance with the terms of the act of 1924. As a matter of fact less than 5 percent of the quota has been used up to April 30, 1933. The quota law permits the issuance of quota visas to some 153,831 persons born in quota countries. Up to April 30, 1933, the consuls had granted only 6,622 visas, leaving a balance of 147,209 visas unissued.

The variation in number of quota immigration visas issued for a group of representative northern and southern European countries, some of which are predominantly Catholic and others non-Catholic stock, is shown in the following table:

Name of Country	*Quota Immigrations Visas Issued June, 1932-April 30, 1933*	*Total Quota*
Albania	71	100
Austria	93	1,413
Belgium	42	1,304
Czechoslovakia	136	2,874
France	225	3,086
Germany	996	25,957
Great Britain and Northern Ireland	1,023	65,721
Greece	84	307
Irish Free State	220	17,853
Italy	917	5,802
Norway	116	2,377
Poland	789	6,524
Sweden	87	3,314
Turkey	225	226

The two countries with the largest potential quota issuance, Germany and Great Britain, have received the largest number of immigration quota visas but both have a large remaining balance, while the issuance of immigration quota visas to Italy numbering 917, almost equals that issued to Germany, although the total possible quota for Germany is almost five times as large. The difference in quota potentiality does not explain why but 220 nationals of the Irish Free State were issued visas out of a potential quota of 17,853, while 225 nationals of Turkey were granted visas out of a possible issuance of 226.

At the present time the selection for issuance of visas within the potential quota is on the basis not of health but of wealth, for only to those prospective immigrants who can satisfy the consular service that they are not likely to become public charges are visas being issued under present regulation.

It is at best a debatable point whether Mr. Pell's suggestion of selection on a basis of physical tests would be a beneficial change from the present law, even granting that his objections to the present basis of quota are tenable. Physical health is not always a criterion of either character or good citizenship, and certainly the history of the Church is rich in instances of sanctity which developed not from physical perfection but from power made perfect through infirmity. The present immigration laws, of course, require a fairly strict health examination as a protection to the United States. I can hardly accept, myself, the assertion made by Mr. Pell that "we may be sure that the grandchildren of people who have passed a rigid physical test will as a group develop into good citizens." It is possible that the environment into which these children are reared might influence their development into good citizenship.

With the refreshing frankness of Mr. Pell's discussion of the underlying prejudices in much immigration legislation, I have the warmest sympathy.

ALICE W. O'CONNOR.

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THE SCREEN AND STAGE

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

When Ladies Meet

THERE is always a pleasant distinction to the work of Rachael Crothers which manages to translate itself easily from stage to screen. The current screen version of her highly successful play of last winter, "When Ladies Meet," is well above the average of screen fare, particularly as to dialogue.

Of course the substance of the screen story is open to the same basic objection as the play itself, namely, that while it is motivated by Miss Crothers's very sound instincts as to how human beings should behave, it muddies up the waters by failing to place any of the decisions on grounds of standards or morals. In a general way, Miss Crothers is a valiant crusader for the older and more substantial ideas of love and marriage. She is very fond of depicting the idiotic efforts of each generation to throw off the tried and tested maxims of older generations. In this particular play she makes the target of her story a young authoress who falls in love with her married publisher and believes, as so many thousands of others have tried to make themselves believe, that love is the only thing which should count. To make the point of the play a little sharper, the novel on which this young lady is working when the play opens has a very similar theme to her own personal experience. The heroine of the novel, who falls in love with the husband of another woman, decides to go directly to that woman and plead her case on the assumption that such "civilized" action could only bring one answer—a favorable one, releasing the husband. Miss Crothers arranges matters so that the young novelist actually meets the wife of her publisher without knowing who she is. In this way, the two women have a chance to talk over their mutual viewpoints without realizing that the subject matter immediately concerns them. When the truth finally comes out, the actual meeting of these two women totally changes the situation. What had been an abstract problem to the young authoress, up to this time, becomes a very concrete matter of injuring someone else. When the husband appears upon the scene and shows some indecision of his own, he is promptly abandoned by both his wife and the novelist. The wife, for her part, has always forgiven many similar escapades of her husband but has never before met the actual victim of his attentions. Thus her viewpoint is changed as well as that of the novelist.

Now it is quite obvious that Miss Crothers is preaching a general lesson on the advantages of marital fidelity and on the unconscious cruelty of women who allow themselves to get involved with the husbands of others. But the action and the decisions of the play are all based on emotional reactions rather than any codes of right and wrong. This is the underlying weakness of a great deal of Miss Crothers's work. It is purely a matter of chance that the publisher's charming wife happens to be a woman of poise, judgment and sympathetic understanding. If she had been of a different type, the young novelist might have felt that she was doing a good service taking the husband from

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her. The right and wrong of the matter never enter into it for a moment.

In Ann Harding as the publisher's wife, Alice Brady as the flighty friend whose house in the country is the center of much of the action, and Robert Montgomery as the young man, who is seriously in love with the novelist, and doing his best on the side lines to break up her supposed romance, the screen version has the advantage of acting quite on a par with the original stage production. The only exception is the case of Myrna Loy as the young novelist. She lacks the maturity and directness which Frieda Innescourt lent to the part in the original version. Myrna Loy is merely a pleasant ingenue whose ability to write novels one would seriously question. It is one of the customary blunders of Hollywood to cast its plays without much thought as to the suitability of type.

The Summer Stage

ONE of the most encouraging developments in the theatre world of the last few years has been the establishment of a large number of summer theatres in accessible resorts all over the country. These summer playhouses serve a double purpose. They help out the economic situation of actors and directors by providing a summer revenue in pleasant surroundings and they also furnish a proving ground for new plays destined for production on Broadway the following winter.

Some idea of the growth of this summer theatre movement may be gathered from merely listing the more important centers now swinging into action. At Jackson Heights there is a theatre planning to produce nothing but new plays intended for later production on Broadway. Mt. Kisco has its Westchester playhouse, and Pelham Manor, Milbrook, Woodstock, Scarboro-on-the-Hudson, Lake Placid, Saratoga Springs, Clayton and Chautauqua in New York, all have theatres very much their own with production seasons planned well in advance and actors of some importance to lend distinction to the work. The Group Theatre this year is to be headquartered at Warrensburg but its performances will be entirely private in preparation for later Broadway appearances.

Long Island also has its quota of summer theatres including Long Beach, Locust Valley, Huntington and Beechurst. Connecticut is continuing its Westport playhouse with Lawrence Langner as director, and also has resident companies at Danbury, Stamford, Sharon and Litchfield. Not to be outdone, New Jersey has community players at Spring Lake, Deal, Netcong, Upper Montclair, Red Bank, Summit and Elizabeth. Rhode Island has its famous Newport theatre, and Massachusetts continues, among others, its playhouses at Dennis, Stockbridge and Provincetown. Perhaps the most famous summer playhouse of all is the one directed by Melville Burke and Clifford Brooke at Skowhegan. Skowhegan was one of the first of these summer theatres. Not the least interesting aspect of this entire movement is the fact that it is taking place right under the nose of the motion pictures which were supposed to have almost eliminated the necessity for any theatres outside of New York and Chicago!

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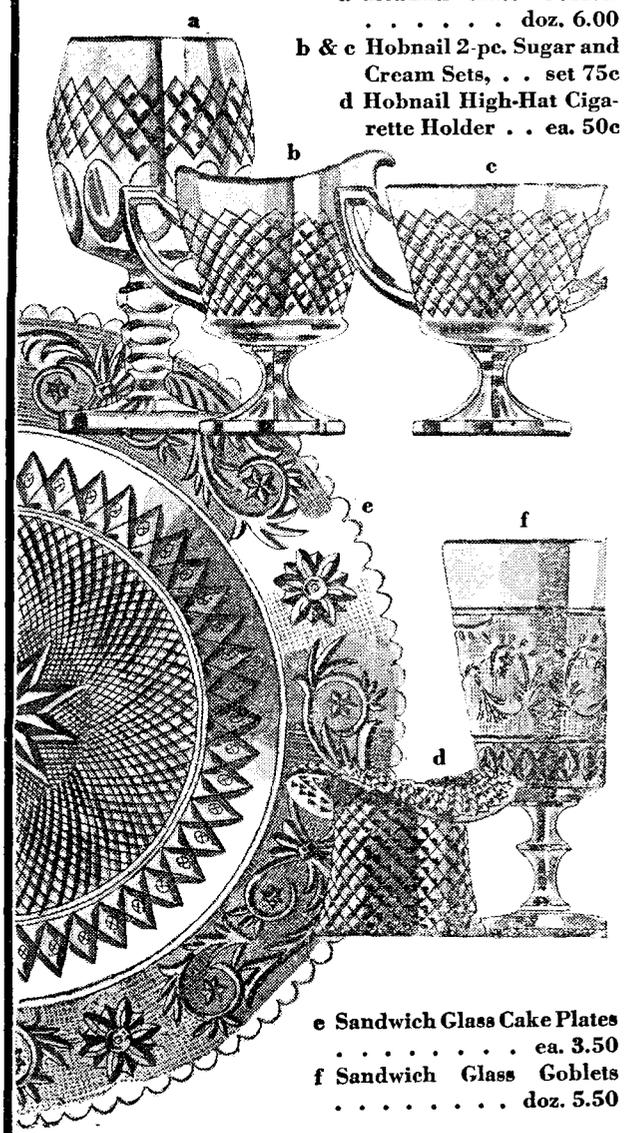

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BOOKS

Traveling with Youth

Youth Looks at the World, by Basil A. Fletcher. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.75.

BECAUSE the author is really young, youth comes into its own on every page of his story, recounting an excursion through the world, without any preconceived ideas, only with the determination to make it profitable to his intellectual personality, and with a greedy desire to be amused.

The second chapter, "The League of Nations in Session," is more than entertaining. The dialogue is written with a rare sense of the absurd; the writer does not turn into ridicule the people whose opinions and impressions he records, but he simply allows them to make themselves ridiculous. Geneva, however, is but the beginning of Mr. Fletcher's peregrinations. He carries us away with him to Italy which, however, does not long keep his attention; he then rushes off to Vienna, where he is struck by the Austrian way of administering justice in a Juvenile Court, runs through Central Europe, whose methods of examining the baggage of innocent travelers do not appeal to his imagination, and invades Turkey. A few delightful lines dealing with the Turk are superficial, but cheerful and pleasant to read. Mr. Fletcher's touch is of the lightest, and this is what makes it so convincing.

Then come Palestine, Syria and the Syrian desert, and the sad story of a journey across it in an automobile that had seen better days. Thus one jumps from one place to another, meeting all kinds of interesting persons, becoming acquainted with Gandhi, and one or two Yogi teachers, in India. There are serious pages amidst humorous ones, for when Mr. Fletcher writes of China and Japan, he earnestly considers the problems of the Far East.

The one regrettable thing about this book is the rapidity with which its writer skips over his impressions of America. Evidently it has not appealed to his youthful imagination; it is too much "a machine-made civilization, having material prosperity as its god."

Mr. Fletcher ends his journeys and his delightful book with philosophical remarks. Only a youthful person can indulge in such, as a climax to a humorous story.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Here Is Poetry

Buzzards, Peacocks and Nightingales, by Hugh Richardson Fitch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
The Fleeting and Other Poems, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. FITCH'S book is divided into three parts: "Buzzards," a critical attack on *vers libre;* "Peacocks," a poetic short story; and "Nightingales," a sheaf of poems, prefaced by a valuable and intelligent analysis of the technique of poem writing. In "Buzzards," Mr. Fitch ably propounds the riddle, "When is a poem not a poem?" and answers it almost too patly, "When it is prose." For

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purposes of analysis this division is as satisfactory as any, though perhaps a trifle arbitrary. Mr. Fitch is a little harsh in his attitude toward thoughts not graced by poetic meter. However I deeply sympathize with him in his irritation with those who painfully clothe prose thoughts in prose rhythms, and, having divided them into lines and printed each specimen, one to a fair page, then publish a slim volume and entitle it "Verse." I am all for printing them in running type and letting the sensitive reader, if such there be, detect their beauties for himself. Mr. Fitch's own poetry is sensitive and intelligently constructed, and far more enjoyable than many of the more startling and pretentious efforts that one may read; but if rules could make us poets, how gaily we should all sing.

Walter de la Mare's new book of poems is a very rare delight. Mr. de la Mare is one of the few authors now living who have the gift of exquisitely outlining the unutterable. His poems, sometimes as frail and nebulous as ghosts, sometimes startlingly concrete, yet represent that perfect marriage of the seen and unseen universes of which true poets can tell. With a delicate mastery of word and rhythm, without those sudden adjectives and images that leap from the pages of some of our younger writers like splashes of red paint, he can create his illusion. He bears the banner of the metaphysical poets, yet what he has to say is entirely his own; and though his world may be limited in scope, it is, nevertheless a beautiful microcosm. I forbear to quote; the book should be bought and owned.

A. K. PARKER.

Historical Fiction

Princess Malah, by John H. Hill. Washington, D. C.: The Associated Publishers. $2.15.

THE AUTHOR'S introduction to this book suggests a story of pre-Revolutionary days in Virginia, a story of the "relationship between master and slave" written by the grandson of a Negress slave who had been "Mammy" to the numerous children who lived at Mount Vernon or visited the home of George Washington. The book is, however, a mere collection of anecdotes crudely welded together, and the author has no conception of the fundamentals necessary when portraying personalities.

Mr. Hill, in a general way, writes words of high praise for Washington, which the interview between him and the Princess Malah described in the first chapter would belie. This Indian princess, introduced as the mistress of the dead brother from whom George Washington inherited the estate, announces to him her claim to Mount Vernon. She orates through more than a page about his love affairs and her rights, the author making no allowance for the rightful pride and temper of the young surveyor.

Throughout the book the family skeletons of the Washingtons and their neighbors are being suggested, while the long perorations put in the mouths of the good slaves seem to furnish the key for the existence of the book. The author seems to be motivated by back-door traditions of three generations.

EDWARD J. BREEN.

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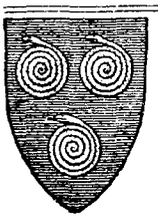
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Briefer Mention

The History of the Anglo-Catholic Revival, by W. J. Sparrow Simpson. London: George Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

DR. SIMPSON'S title is unfortunately misleading, since his book is not a history of the movement under consideration but a study of the development of certain concepts adjudged to have been of primary importance to the founders of Anglo-Catholicism. The most interesting of these are the ministry and ritualism. On both subjects the author, writing of course as a pious Anglo-Catholic, affords a commentary of great value. Perhaps the second half of the book is too heterogeneous in character to promise satisfaction to many readers, but one gets not a few opportunities to see more of the inner convictions of the movement in our time. Broadly speaking, the main conclusions are these: the Anglo-Catholic revival, from the Tracts to Essays Catholic and Critical, has meant vigorous spiritual growth both in the sense of reawakening the tradition of the Apostolic Church but also in the sense of rebuilding the Church of England from within. Naturally we feel much less certain of these things than does Dr. Simpson. His book is sympathetically written and inoffensively manly as well as scholarly. And yet the old question will not down. Can a movement which repudiates centuries of Protestantism long repudiate the Rock upon which the Catholic Church is built?

The Negro's Church, by Benjamin Elijah Mays and Joseph William Nicholson. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. $2.00.

THIS volume is the result of a study made under the auspices of the Institute mentioned. The authors do not deal with any particular religious denomination but with the Negro's church as a product of circumstances and the labor of our colored brethren. "Whatever the Negro church is," they write, "it is largely the outcome of the Negro's own genius and his ability to organize." Although some names of specific churches are mentioned they do not mean that a particular brand of religion is followed. A large part of the volume deals with statistics. The book ought to be of interest to all whose dealings with the Negro will be facilitated by a knowledge of his religious, mental and social background and its development.

CONTRIBUTORS

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A. K. PARKER is a poet and critic.

EDWARD J. BREEN is a journalist and critic.

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